

# Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

## THE BEAR FLAG.

History Made by the Hangers-On of Fremont's Party.

The very day that Fremont arrived at his camp in the Butte mountains (now in Sutter county) there occurred an event which had never happened before—that is, the transferring of a band of horses from the north to the south side of the Bay of San Francisco, by way of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys. True, the north side of the bay of San Francisco was covered with horses and cattle and some other live stock, but the first animals were either taken across the bay of San Francisco one by one, in small boats, or they were made to swim by the side of boats across the straits of Carquinez, one at a time.

Fremont, hearing of the passing of that band of horses by Sutter's fort, sent men who overtook them at the Cosumne river and took them away from the lieutenant and soldiers in charge, taking about one hundred and fifty head of horses and sending insolent and vulgar messages to Castro. These were not Fremont's exploring party men, but some of the men who had joined him on his way back to Oregon. The horses were brought to Fremont's camp, which he had moved lower down in the valley.

The taking of these horses was certainly an act of war, but Fremont had not at that date, nor had anyone, heard of actual war or of the declaration of war by the United States against Mexico, and Fremont did not pretend to do what he did in the name of the United States, but he vaguely intimated that it was necessary because of threats against Americans by Castro. I don't know that Castro did make threats, but he was too sensible a fellow to make threats; but we never dreamed of any danger; we felt as safe there in the Sacramento valley as we do now.

There were always rumors of Americans being driven out of California, but we did not apprehend anything at all, or pay any attention to it. We got used to those things. We felt no insecurity by reason of any threatened attack of native Californians. They had no forces and no money. Castro had magnetism and could throw the whole coast of California into excitement in a week.

Almost as soon as the captured horses reached Fremont's camp he sent a small force (not his own exploring party, but those who had flocked to his camp) to Sonoma and captured and brought as prisoners to Sutter's fort Gen. Vallejo, his secretary, Victor Prudone; his brother, Salvador Vallejo, and their brother-in-law, Jacob P. Leese.

The war now was on. Native Californians were in great excitement and beginning to show resistance on the north side of the bay. A few men, left at Sonoma when the prisoners were taken, had a skirmish near Petaluma ranch. One American, who was sent to Fitch's ranch, Russian river, for powder was killed. On my arrival in Sonoma there was a flag on the old Mexican flagstaff. I paid little attention to it, nor did anyone else as far as I know. It had a design of some kind on it, which the Mexicans called cochino. The boys, however, told me at the time how it happened to be there. It was the result of mere sport or pastime of the men. The man in charge of the small force there was William B. Ide. He had nothing to do with it. One of the men had suggested that they put up a flag on the old Mexican flagstaff. Another suggested that they paint something on it. This was related to me by the men themselves at the time. One said: "Paint a grizzly bear." Another said: "Paint him standing up with his paw raised, about to crush a coyote." But no one was artist enough for the task.—Overland Monthly.

## KILLIES.

They Are Peculiar Fish—How They Differ in Different Waters.

The small boy who angles for killies with a bent pin for a hook may not know that there are in North America eleven genera of killies, including fifty-three species. The killie is most widely distributed; it is found in Canada and in all parts of the United States, and in Mexico and Central America, and in South America. The several kinds of killies found in this country range at full growth from one to six inches in length, and they also vary greatly in form and in appearance; there are some that are beautifully marked and some that are almost transparent.

Of the kind commonly known as the bass mummy which is used as a bait for striped bass, the female killie is marked with stripes running lengthwise, and the male with bands or vertical stripes. In the south the killie is called a mummichog. There is a mummichog whose brown sides are adorned with stripes of black made up of tiny round spots in line each at the base of a scale. This killie has a high back fin, which is of a pearly tint and marked with blue spots. In Central America and in South America the killie attains a somewhat larger growth than in this country, and many of them there are gaily colored as tropical birds are.

Even the plainest killie takes on brighter colors in the breeding season, as almost all fishes do.

The killie is wonderfully prolific, and it will live in water as warm as it would almost seem to boil other fish. It is always on the go, an alert little fish, moving in schools, and sometimes in lines of perfect front, like so many soldiers. There is a southern killie called the top swimmer, from its habit of swimming on top of the water with its head above the surface.

And with all its beauty the killie is simply a scavenger. It eats superfluous and decayed vegetation and waste material of every sort, and there are so many of them that, small as they are, they consume in some waters quantities of refuse. The killie helps to preserve the healthfulness of the neighborhood in which it exists, and the very substances which it consumes, that might otherwise have proved deleterious to mankind, it converts indirectly into good food for man, for the killie is eaten by edible fish.—N. Y. Sun.

—There is no right without a parallel duty, no liberty without the supremacy of the law, no high destiny without earnest perseverance, no greatness without self-denial.—Lieben.

# THE SIGN OF THE FOUR.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"I will tell you how Morstan died," he continued. "I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but he concealed it from everyone. I alone knew it. When in India, he and I, through a remarkable chain of circumstances, came into possession of a considerable treasure. I brought it over to England, and on the night of Morstan's arrival he came straight over here to claim his share. He walked over from the station, and was admitted by my faithful old Lal Chowdar, who is now dead. Morstan and I had a difference of opinion as to the division of the treasure, and we came to heated words. Morstan had sprung out of his chair in a paroxysm of anger, when he suddenly pressed his hand to his side, his face turned a dusky hue, and he fell backwards, cutting his head against the corner of the treasure-chest. When I stooped over him I found, to my horror, that he was dead."

"For a long time I sat half distracted, wondering what I should do. My first impulse was, of course, to call for assistance; but I could not but recognize that there was every chance that I would be accused of his murder. His death at the moment of a quarrel, and the rash in his head, would be back against me. I could hardly see an inquiry could not be made without bringing out some facts about the treasure, which I was particularly anxious to keep secret. He had told me that no soul upon earth knew where he had gone. There seemed to be no necessity why any soul ever should know."

"I was still pondering over the matter, when, looking up, I saw my servant, Lal Chowdar, in the doorway. He stole in, and bolted the door behind him. 'Do not fear, sahib,' he said. 'No one need know that you have killed him. Let us hide him away, and when the police come, I will kill him.' I said I would not kill him. Lal Chowdar shook his head, and said, 'I heard it all, sahib.' I heard the blow. But my lips are sealed. All are asleep in the house. Let us put him away together." That was enough to decide me. If my own servant could not believe my innocence, how could I hope to make it good before twelve foolish tradesmen in a jury box? Lal Chowdar and I disposed of the body that night, and within a few days the London papers were full of the mysterious disappearance of Capt. Morstan. You will see from what I have said that I can hardly be blamed in the matter. My fault lies in the fact that we concealed, not only the body, but also the treasure, and that I have clung to Morstan's share as well as to my own. I wish you, therefore, to make mention of this, but you must not say so. The treasure is hidden in—"

"At this instant a horrible change came over his expression; his eyes stared wildly, his jaw dropped, and he yelled in a voice I can never forget: 'Keep him out! For Christ's sake keep him out!' We both stared round at the window. The treasure was hidden in a box. A face was looking in at us out of the darkness. We could see the whitening of the nose where it was pressed against the glass. It was a bearded, hairy face, with wild, cruel eyes and an expression of concentrated malevolence. My brother and I rushed towards the window, but the man was gone. When we returned to my father his head had dropped and his pulse had ceased to beat."

"We searched the garden that night, but found no sign of the intruder, save that just under the window a single footmark was visible in the flower-bed. For that one moment we might have thought that our imaginations had conjured up that wild, fierce face. We soon, however, had another and more striking proof that there were secret agencies at work all around us. The window of my father's room was found open in the morning, his cupboards and boxes had been rifled, and upon his chest was fixed a torn piece of paper with the words 'The sign of the four' scrawled across it. What the phrase meant, or who our secret visitor may have been, we never knew. As far as we can judge, none of my father's property had been actually stolen, though everything had been turned upside down. The treasure, however, I stated this peculiar incident with the fear which haunted my father during his life; but it is still a complete mystery to us."

The little man stopped to relight his hookah, and puffed thoughtfully for a few moments. We had all sat absorbed, listening to his extraordinary narrative. At the short account of her father's death Miss Morstan had turned deadly white, and for a moment I feared that she was about to faint. She rallied, however, on drinking a glass of water which I quietly poured out for her from a vase upon the side-table. Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his chair with an abstracted expression and the lids drawn low over his glittering eyes. As I glanced at him I could not but think how on that very day he had complained bitterly of the commonplaceness of life. Here, at least, was a problem which would tax his sagacity to the utmost. Mr. Thaddeus Sholto looked from one to the other of us with an obvious pride at the effect which his story had produced, and then continued between the puffs of his overgrown pipe.

"My brother and I," said he, "were, as you may imagine, much excited as to the treasure which my father had spoken of. For weeks and for months we dug and delved in every part of the garden, without discovering its whereabouts. It was maddening to think that the hiding place was on his very lips at the moment that he died. We could judge the whereabouts of the missing riches by the chapter which he had taken out. Over this chapter my brother Bartholomew and I had some little discussion. The pearls were evidently of great value, and he was averse to part with them, for between friends, my brother was himself a little inclined to my father's fault. He thought, too, that if we parted with the chapter it might give rise to gossip, and finally bring us into trouble. It was all that I could do to persuade him to let me find out Miss Morstan's address and send her a detached pearl at fixed intervals, so that, at least, she might never feel destitute."

"It was a kindly thought," said our companion earnestly. "It was extremely good of you."

The little man waved his hand deprecatingly. "We were your trustees," he said. "That was the view which I took of it, though Brother Bartholomew could not altogether see it in that light. We had plenty of money ourselves. I desired no more. Besides, it would have been such bad taste to have treated a young lady in so scurrily a fashion. 'Le mauvais gout mène au crime.' The French have a very neat way of putting these things. Our difference of opinion on this subject went so far that I thought it best to set up rooms for myself; so I left Pondicherry lodge, taking the old khiltutgar and Williams with me. Yesterday, however, I learned that an event of extreme importance had occurred. The treasure has been discovered. I instantly communicated with Miss Morstan, and it only remains for us to drive out to Norwood and demand our share. I explained my views last night to Brother Bartholomew; we shall be expected, if not welcome, visitors."

Mr. Thaddeus Sholto ceased, and sat twatching on his luxurious settee. We all remained silent, with our thoughts upon the new development which the mysterious business had taken. Holmes was the first to spring to his feet.

"You have done well, sir, from first to last," said he. "It is possible that we may be able to make you some small return by throwing some light upon that which is still dark to you. But, as Miss Morstan remarked just now, it is late, and we had best put the matter through without delay."

Our new acquaintance very deliberately coiled up the tube of his hookah, and produced from behind a curtain a very long, befringed top coat with astrakhan collar and cuffs. This he buttoned tightly up, in spite of the extreme closeness of the night, and finished his attire by putting on a rabbit-skin cap with hanging lappeps which covered the ears, so that no part of him was visible save his mobile and



THE LITTLE MAN STOPPED TO LIGHT HIS HOOKAH.

peaky face. "My health is somewhat fragile," he remarked, as he led the way down the passage. "I am commonly called a valetudinarian."

Our cab was waiting outside, and our programme was evidently prearranged, for the driver started off at once at a rapid pace. Thaddeus Sholto talked incessantly, in a voice which rose high above the rattle of the wheels. "Bartholomew is a clever fellow," he said. "How do you think he found out where the treasure was? He had come to the conclusion that it was somewhere indoors; so he worked out all the cubic space of the house and made measurements everywhere, so that not one inch should be unaccounted for. Among other things, he found that the height of the building was seventy-four feet, but adding together the heights of all the separate rooms, and making every allowance for the space between, which he ascertained by borings, he could not bring the total to more than seventy feet. There were four feet unaccounted for. These could only be at the top of the building. He knocked a hole, therefore, in the lath-and-plaster ceiling of the highest room, and there, sure enough, he came upon another little garret above it, which had been sealed up and was known to no one. In the center stood the treasure-chest, resting upon two rafters. He lowered it through the hole, and there it lies. He computes the value of the jewels at not less than half a million sterling."

At the mention of this gigantic sum we all stared at one another open-eyed. Miss Morstan, could we secure her rights, would change from a needy governess to the richest heiress in England. Surely it was the place of a loyal friend to rejoice at such news; yet I am ashamed to say that selfishness took by the soul, and that my heart turned as heavy as lead within me. I stammered out some few halting words of congratulation, and then sat downcast, with my head drooped, deaf to the babble of our new acquaintance. He was clearly a confirmed hypochondriac, and I was fully conscious that he was pouring forth interminable trains of symptoms, and imploring information as to the composition and action of innumerable quack nostrums, some of which he bore about in a leather case in his pocket. I trust he may not remember any of the details which I have just related. Holmes declares that he overheard me caution him against the great danger of taking more than two drops of castor oil, while I recommended strychnine in large doses as a sedative. However that may be, I was certainly relieved when our cab pulled up with a jerk and the coachman sprang down to open the door.

"This, Miss Morstan, is Pondicherry lodge," said Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, as he handed her out.

## CHAPTER V.

THE TRAGEDY OF PONDICHERRY LODGE.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when we reached this final stage of our night's adventures. We had left the damp fog of the great city behind us, and the night was fairly fine. A warm wind blew from the westward, and a heavy dew lay upon the grass. The night, with half a moon peeping occasionally through the rifts. It was clear enough to see for some distance, but Thaddeus Sholto took down one of the side-lamps from the carriage to give us a better light upon our way.

Pondicherry lodge stood in its own grounds, and was a girt round by a very high stone wall topped with broken glass. A single narrow iron-clamped door formed the only means of entrance. On this our guide knocked with a peculiar postman-like rat-tat.

"Who is there?" cried a gruff voice from within.

"It is I, Mr. Sholto. You surely know my knock by this time."

There was a grumbling sound and a clanking and jarring of keys. The

door swung heavily back, and a short, deep-chested man stood in the opening with the yellow light of the lantern shining upon his protruded face and twinkling, distrustful eyes.

"That you, Mr. Thaddeus? But who are the others? I had no orders about them to my master."

"No, Mr. Sholto? You surprise me! I told my brother last night that I should bring some friends."

"He hasn't been out of his room to-day. Mr. Thaddeus, and I have no orders. You know very well that I must stick to regulations. I can let you in, but your friends they must just stop where they are."

Thaddeus Sholto looked about him in a perplexed and helpless manner. "This is too bad of you, Mr. Sholto! I guarantee them, that is enough for you. There is the young lady, too. She cannot wait on the public road to this hour."

"Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus," said the porter, inexorably. "Folk may be friends of yours, and yet not friends of the master's. He pays me well to do my duty, and my duty I'll do. I don't know none of your friends."

"Oh, yes, you do, Mr. Sholto," cried Sherlock Holmes, genially. "I don't think you can have forgotten me. Don't you remember the amateur who fought three rounds with you at Allison's rooms on the night of your benefit four years back?"

"Not Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" roared the prize fighter. "God's truth! how could I have mistook you? If instead of standing there so quiet you had just stepped up and given me that cross-bite of yours under the jaw, I'd have known you without a question. Ah, you're one that has wasted your gifts, you have! You might have aimed high, if you had joined the fancy."

"You see, Watson, if all else fails me I have still one of the scientific professions open to me," said Holmes, laughing. "Our friend won't keep us out in the cold now, I am sure."

"In you come, sir, in you come—you and your friends," he answered. "Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus, but orders are very strict. Had to be certain of your friends, and I am sure."

Inside, a gravel path wound through desolate grounds to a huge clump of a house, square and prosaic, all plunged in shadow save where a moonbeam struck one corner and glimmered in a garret window. The vast size of the building, with its gloom and its deadly silence, struck a chill to the heart. Even Thaddeus Sholto seemed ill at ease, and the lantern quivered and rattled in his hand.

"I cannot understand it," he said. "There must be some mistake. I distinctly told Bartholomew that we should be here, and yet there is no light in his window. I do not know what to make of it."

"Does he always guard the premises in this way?" asked Holmes.

"Yes; he has followed my father's custom. He was the favorite son, you know, and I sometimes think that my father may have told him more than he ought. I am sure that Bartholomew's window up there where the moonshine strikes. It is quite bright, but there is no light from within, I think."

"None," said Holmes. "But I see the glint of a light in that little window beside the door."

He held up the lantern, and his hand shook until the circles of light flickered and wavered all round us. Miss Morstan seized his wrist, and we all stood with thumping hearts, straining our ears. From the great black house there sounded through the silent night the saddest and most pitiful of sounds—the shrill, broken whimpering of a frightened woman.

"It is Mrs. Bernstone," said Sholto. "She is the only woman in the house. Wait here. I shall be back in a moment." He hurried for the door, and knocked in his peculiar way. We could see a tall old woman admit him and sway with pleasure at the very sight of him.

"Oh, Mr. Thaddeus, sir, I am so glad you have come! I am so glad you have come, Mr. Thaddeus, sir!" We heard her reiterated rejoicings until the door was closed and her voice died away into a muffled monotone.



HE HELD UP THE LANTERN.

great rubbish heaps which cumbered the grounds. Miss Morstan and I stood together, and her hand was in mine. A wondrous stillness reigned about us, for here were two who had never seen each other before that day, between whom no word or even look of affection had ever passed, and yet now in an hour of trouble our hands instinctively sought for each other. I have marvelled at it since, but at the time it seemed the most natural thing that I should go out to her, and, as she has often told me, there was in her also the instinct to turn to me for comfort and protection. So we stood hand in hand, like two children, and there was peace in our hearts for all the dark things that surrounded us.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Always Hungry.

Gus De Smith—Russell Sage is a very small eater.

Hostetter McGinnis—Yes, may be so, but he is a big gobbler, all the same.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Sitings.

The Coffee's Weakness.

Master (angrily)—What did you put in this coffee?

Maid (innocently)—Nothing but water, sir.—Detroit Free Press.

## SILVER'S FRIENDS.

Hon. A. H. Garland, of Arkansas, Mr. Cleveland's First Attorney-General, Gives His Views.

Hon. A. H. Garland, formerly United States senator from Arkansas and attorney-general during President Cleveland's first administration, was invited to attend the Memphis free silver conference and in a long letter he gave his reasons for being unable to attend, and added: "I am none the less in full, direct and unequivocal accord with the objects and purposes of the calling of this convention, and I hope such a result will be a success in all respects, and its teachings and lessons may meet the approval of our people, and serve to bring the country now debt-ridden and generally depressed almost beyond hope, back to the ways and methods of real comfort and healthy prosperity."

Mr. Garland then refers to the report of Alexander Hamilton to congress in 1791, on the financial question then agitating the country, also the speeches of other able financiers in favor of silver—not forgetting to contrast the position of Mr. Carlisle in 1873 with the sentiments put forth in his late speeches. Mr. Garland's letter continues:

"Silver came here to this country with our forefathers and foremothers, hand in hand under the law with gold—it peregrinated, it rusticated, it domiciliated with them and became such one of the institutions of our country, and walked thus with gold and took its place in the constitution; and our first and greatest secretary of the treasury, as we have seen, takes it up with full recognition and fixes its place in the financial transactions of the country; and it thus continued on under all circumstances as such till the dismal period of 1873 already referred to. Yes, for eighty-four years after the adoption of the constitution of the United States, the right of the people to have free coinage of silver, as well as gold, was not only distinctly recognized but carefully protected by congress."

"I cannot believe silver is worthless and valueless, as the single standard advocates claim it to be, and that it deserves the treatment they insist it shall receive. It was 'current money' with the merchant when Abraham bought the field of Machela in which bury Sarah, and it has been so almost ever since, and I cannot believe any sound reasons can be given why it should not now be so."

"I cannot help believing that our country is big enough in territory, in soil and climate, in all the appliances of the arts and sciences, in all its variety of productions, in all its different interests of its people, in energy and honesty and in name and character, to fix its own standards of value, without waiting for, or dancing attendance upon, foreign powers. Let us fix them, and these foreign powers can follow, if they will, but let us fix them."

"It is not possible there is any real basis for the fear sometimes expressed that bringing silver back to its proper status will cause foreign nations to 'dump' all their silver here and smother us! Where is it, to this extent, to come from? Who has got it? The emptiness of this charge was fully exposed by Senator Jones, of Nevada, in his remarkable speech—a very pandect of information on this question and cognate questions—delivered in the United States senate in October, 1893; and in that speech Senator Jones showed conclusively, if there were grounds for such a fear, we could ease, by wise and judicious laws, protect ourselves against any such efforts."

"Is it fair to degrade, demote, silver, and then to complain it is of little value? This, with all due respect to everybody, is bordering on the 'vulgar legerdemain of sophistry.' It is a complaint that one cannot see after himself stirring up a dust; it is the logic the wolf uses against the lamb; it is to allege the source of the stream has been befouled and poisoned by its mouth—the effect is put before the cause—and indeed 'it is to vindicate oppression by pointing to the depravation which oppression has produced.' This mode of argument lacks that element without which no human speech or conduct is of value or entitled to one moment's respect—fairness. This absent, and the words are meaningless and empty. And the cause driven to this kind of assertion must, in the nature of things, be helpless, whatever of intellect or high patriotic purposes may come to its support. The friends of silver need not dread or fear such weapons; they can meet them successfully. I am confident, on all parts of the ground, and they should put their armor, and gird themselves for the struggle, until it is completed to a finish."

"And now, and here, just as soon as possible, this controversy should be settled; no more evasion; no more straddling; no more postponing. The country, and the business of the country, regardless of personal or party ambition or success, want it settled, and they are entitled to have it settled as quickly as can be. Let business and the laws know and understand each other, and adjust themselves accordingly, for not till then will the country be prosperous and at ease again."

"We, of the United States, all people of the earth by this time ought to know, and I think we do know, the great unwisdom of tampering with and dodging questions vital to the country. This delayed more, and sickness, prostration, paralysis, and death are near at hand."

The Facts.

In the twenty-one years from the date that silver was demonetized, it was seen that the value of silver in price nearly one-half, lacking only one-half cent per bushel of half; cotton declined more than half, 2-1-10 cents per pound, while the decline in the price of silver was considerably less than half, 7½ cents per ounce less; wheat declined 40 per cent; cotton declined 61.5 per cent; and silver declined only 44.2 per cent. Going from the bimetallic standard to the single gold standard has not caused as much fall in silver as it has in our two great articles of export—cotton and wheat. The fall in prices of all three was quite near during the entire last century—years, and was produced by the same cause—the discarding of silver as money of redemption. Most other industrial products have gone down in a somewhat similar ratio. Silver remains at its comparative value. Gold has doubled in price; its functions have been doubled, and hence its appreciation.—Exchange.

What It Brings.

The single gold standard brings hard times for the people and good times for the gold gamblers.

## BATTLE OF THE STANDARDS.

Free Silver Advocates Gaining Ground Throughout the World.

The monometallists endeavor to make it appear that the demand for bimetallicism is purely a western fact, and that it has its origin, its encouragement, and its being with the silver miners, and debtors busily engaged in trying to defraud their creditors.

These statements, however, are constantly receiving rude shocks when some distinctly eastern man comes out for bimetallicism. Thus the other day ex-Senator Blair pronounced in favor of the old system, which up to 1873 prevailed the world over except in Great Britain; and now comes ex-Secretary Whitney, who has just returned from Europe, and who declares: "The feeling in favor of bimetallicism is much stronger in England than in this country. Even conservative statesmen are in favor of it. The boards of trade of the great manufacturing towns, such as Birmingham and Manchester, have passed resolutions favoring the adoption of a double standard. All through England industrial men are taking this stand. Manager Liddendale, of the Bank of England, is one of those who believe the question should speedily be settled at an international convention."

Mr. Whitney favors an international agreement, but the point in the interview quoted is that the business men in England are demanding bimetallicism. It is the bankers alone who are demanding a continuation of the gold monometallic policy of the empire.

Germany the other day bimetallicism received a great boost by the resolutions passed by the Prussian congress, which virtually demand that the government return to a bimetallic policy.

That the monometallists are not making the headway they would like to is shown by comments like this from the Washington Post: "If the opponents of the movement for free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 would make sure of defeating that proposition, they must show more skill in argument than many of them have thus far displayed. The advocates of free coinage are sufficiently numerous, respectable and intelligent to command respect. A large majority of the democrats, a large minority of the republicans, and the whole of the populists are for free coinage. This has been proven by many votes in congress, and is quite as clearly demonstrated by events outside of congress. Brainy men in both the old parties—men as strong as the ablest of their opponents—are in this silver movement, are in it to stay till a settlement is reached, and they are equipped with arguments that are not only worthy of respectful consideration, but must have such a settlement, or they will continue to make converts."

The people everywhere are being aroused on this great issue. They are studying the money question as they never studied it before; and they are discovering that the monometallists are unable to answer any of the important questions the bimetallicists put to them. They do not tell the public why there should be two kinds of money—one for a man to use in paying his debts, and another to be used when he buys for cash. They do not tell the farmer what his future policy is to be. They do not tell the wage-earner why they are richer when their wages are falling lower and lower, and many have no wages at all. They admit that international bimetallicism is a good thing, but they fail to explain why an international agreement is necessary to re-establish bimetallicism, but was not necessary to abolish it. These are some of the questions that none of the pamphlets, books, circulars and other forms of gold literature attempt to answer.—Los Angeles Express.

## FREE COINAGE.

A Scrap of History as to the Relative Value of Gold and Silver.

Mr. Henri Ceruschi, a recognized authority on monetary science, says: "For nearly a century the ounce of gold had nowhere in the world ever been worth more or less than 15½ ounces of silver. Why? Because for nearly a century in the country best stocked with silver and gold, namely, France, the coinage of the two metals had been free, and free at the legal ratio of 15½ to one between the weight of the monetary unit in silver and that of the same unit in gold. French bimetallicism had formerly been at 15. It was in 1788 that France, in order to put itself in harmony with the laws of other countries, passed from 15 to 15½. Everybody being at liberty to get the two metals coined in France at the ratio of 15½, no producer, no holder of silver or gold either in Europe, in America, or in Asia, had ever thought of parting with the kilogramme of silver or the kilogramme of gold for a smaller sum, whether in francs, or in dollars, in pounds, in thalers, in Mexican piasters, or rupees. Thanks to French bimetallicism, there existed a parity of value between a defined weight of gold and a defined weight of silver. The monetary material of the world was thus unified, indeed, that England and India did not even perceive that their respective unlimited legal tender coins were of different metals."

"Neither wars nor commercial crises, nor the more abundant production, now of silver, nor of gold—no national event had ever been able to disturb the beneficent domination of the French 15½ either in one hemisphere or the other. For this domination to cease the old bimetallic law had to be transgressed and abandoned in France itself. This was done, but by a case of imperative necessity without precedent in history. A great silver monometallic country, Germany, had undertaken to demonetize and export all its money. Export whither? Principally to France, a country always open to large coinages, which, without wincing, had declined to do so. California and Australian gold, but which did not choose to be flooded by German silver. Why? Because Germany was making a two-fold operation. She was exporting silver, and at the same time was exporting gold. To check this combined influx and efflux during the entire last century, the coinage of silver, limited it in 1874, and entirely prohibited it in 1879."

Might Have a Reverter.

With Judge Caldwell, the News says, with all the emphasis of its nature: "If we are not capable and able to establish and maintain our own financial policy, we ought to haul down 'Old Glory,' which we fought so gallantly to uphold, and turn the government over to Queen Victoria, or ask Canada to annex us."—Denver News.

## PITH AND POINT.

"The preacher who never smiles will some day find out why his sermons didn't weigh more.—Ram's Horn."

"It is always a sign of poverty of mind when men are ever aiming to appear great for they who are really great never seem to know it.—Cecil."

"Don't throw old shoes at a bride. Make a neat package and send them to her three years after her marriage. They may be acceptable.—Atholow Globe."

"De man dat hab de mos' advice ter gib away," said Uncle Eben, "Jesse generally look laik he had done his 'munch good wile.'—Washington Star."

"No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. He is rich according to what he is, not according to what he has.—H. W. Beecher."

"Johnnie (surveying his small piece of pie)—'Ta, blame, glad I'm not twine.' Mamma: 'Why? Johnnie—' 'Cause there's not enough pie even for half a twine.'—Judge."

"Mrs. McBride (entering the kitchen)—'Bridget, didn't I see that policeman kiss you?' Bridget: 'Well, mum, sure an' ye wouldn't hev me lay me self out to resist a policeman, would ye?'—Harper's Bazar."

"Base: 'Do you know that Fender-son is a regular lady killer?' Case: 'I suspected as much from what he said about the woman in the big hat just in front of him at the theater the other night.'—Boston Transcript."

"Tom seems to have lost all interest in painting since he went to Chicago." "Why, that is strange. I thought he was wedded to his art." "So he was; but, you know, everyone gets divorced in Chicago.—Brooklyn Life."

"Cobwigger: 'You seemed rather amused over the idea of your wife's wearing bloomers.' Smith: 'You'd be amused yourself if you could see her when she tried to find something in her work basket and emptied it into her lap.'—Judge."

"'Ye can't believe half it you read in books,' said the newcomer to the warden. 'What's the matter?' 'I see in the library a book that says a man order be the molder of his own fortune. I tried ter be, an' here I am, jugged fer counterfeiting.'—Washington Star."

"The celebrated Dr. Dumoulin, being surrounded in his last moments by many of his fellow-physicians, who deplored their loss, said to them: 'Gentlemen, I leave behind me three great physicians.' Every one, thinking himself to be one of the three, pressed him to name them, upon which he replied, 'Cleanliness, exercise and moderation in eating.'—Sacred Heart Review."

"'The little dear is lost again,' she said as soon as he got home. 'Oh, that pug! 'Yes, that pug, if you want to talk like a brute, and I want you to advertise for him.' And this is the ad, as it appeared: 'Lost—A sausage-shaped, yellow dog, answering when hungry the